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Renowned Robin Hood. Or,

His famous Archery truly Related, with the worthy Exploits he Acted before Queen Katherine, he being an Outlaw-man, and how she for the same obtained of the King, his own, and his fellows pardon.

To a New Tune.

Old tane from ỳ Kings Harbengers
down a down a down.
Is seldome hath bẽn seen,
down a down a down.
And carried by bold Robin Hood
for a present to the Quæn.
down a down a down.

If that I live an year to an end,
thus gan Quæn Katherine say,
Bold Robin Hood I will be thy friend,
and all thy Yeomen gay.

The Quæn is to her Chamber gone
as fast as she can wen,
She calls unto her lovely Page;
his name was Richard Patrington.

Come hither to me thou lovely Page,
come thou hither to me:
For thou must Post to Nottingham
as fast as thou canst drẽ.

And as thou goest to Nottingham,
search all those English Wood,
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
that can tell thẽ of Robin Hood.

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran
as fast as he could wen.
And when he came to Nottingham,
there he took up his Inn.

And when he came to Nottingham,
and had took up his Inn,
He calls for a pottle of Rhenish Wine
and drinks a health to his Quæn.

There sat a Yeoman by his side,
tell me sweet Page said he,
What is thy business, or the cause,
so far in the North Country.

This is my business, and the cause,
Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
To inquire of one good Yeoman or another,
to tell me of Robin Hood.

Ile get my horse betime in the morn,
by it be break of day,
And I will shew thẽ bold Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.

When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
he fell down on his knẽ:
Quæn Katherine she doth grẽt you well,
she grẽts you well by me.

She bids you post to fair London Court,
not fearing any thing,
For there shall be a little sport
and she hath sent you her Ring.

Robin took his Mantle from his back,
it was of the Lincoln grẽn,
And sent it by this lovely Page
for a present to the Quæn.

In Summer time when leaves grow grẽn
it is a seemly sight to see,
How Robin Hood himself had dress
and all his Yeomandrẽ.

He cloathed his men in Lincoln grẽn,
and himself in scarlet red,
Black hats, white feathers all alike,
now bold Robin Hood is Rid.

And when he came at Londons Court,
he fell down on his knẽ,
Thou art welcom Locksly said the Quæn,
and all thy Yeomen thrẽ.

The King is into Finsbury field,
down a down a down.
Marching in battle ray,
down a down a down.
And after follows bold Robin Hood
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The Second Part, To the ſame Tune.

COme hither Tepus, ſaid the King,
down a down a down,
Bow-bearer after me,
down a down a down,
Come meaſure me out with this line
how long our mark ſhall be.
down a down a down.
What is the Wager ſaid the Quéen?
that muſt I now know here,
Thrée hundred Tun of Rhenish Wine
thrée hundred tun of Béer.
Thrée hundred of the fattest Harts
that run on Dallom Lée,
That's a Princely Wager, ſaid the King
that néeds muſt I tell thee.
With that beſpake one Clifton then
full quickly and full ſoon,
Meaſure no Mark for us moſt Soveraign
wée'l ſhoot at Sun and Moon.
Full fifteen ſcore your Mark ſhall be,
full fifteen ſcore ſhall ſtand,
Ile lay my Bow, ſaid Clifton then,
I'le cleave the Willow Wand.
With that the Kings Archers led about
while it was thrée and none,
With that the Ladies began to ſhout,
Madam, your Game is gone.
I boon, a boon, Quéen Katherine cryes,
I crave on my bare knée,
Is there any Knight of your privy Counſel
on Quéen Katherines part will be?
Come hither to me ſir Richard Lee,
thou art a Knight full good,
For I do know by thy pedigrée,
thou ſprang'ſt from Gowers blood.
Come hither to me thou Biſhop of Here-
for a noble Prieſt was he, (fordſhire,
By my ſilver Miter, ſaid the Biſhop then
I'le not bet one penny.
The King hath Archers of his own,
full ready and full light,
And theſe be ſtrangers every one,
no man knows what they height.
What wilt thou bet ſaid Robin Hood
thou ſeeſt our Games the worſe,
By my ſilver Miter, ſaid the Biſhop then
all the Money within my purſe.
What is in thy purſe, ſaid Robin Hood,
throw it down on the ground,
Fifteen ſcore Nobles, ſaid the Biſhop then
its near an hundred pound.
Robin Hood took his bag from his ſide
and threw it down on the greén:
William Scadlock went ſmiling away,
I know who this money muſt win.
With that the Kings Archers led about,
while it was thrée and thrée,
With that the Ladies gave a ſhout,
Woodcock beware thy knée.
It is thrée, and thrée, now ſaid the King,
the next thrée payes for all:
Robin Hood went and whiſpered to the Quéen
the Kings part ſhall be but ſmall.
Robin Hood he led about,
he ſhot it under-hand,
And Clifton with a bearing Arrow
he clave the Willow wand.
And little Midge the Millers ſon,
he ſhot not much the worſe,
He ſhot within a finger of the prick
now Biſhop beware thy purſe.
I boon, a boon, Quéen Katherine cries
I crave that on my bare knée,
That you will angry be with none,
that is of my party.
They ſhall have forty days to come,
and forty days to go,
And thrée times forty to ſport and play
then welcome every one.
Then thou art welcome Robin *Hood* ſaid the Quéen,
and ſo is little John,
So is Midge the Millers Son,
thrice welcome every one.
Is this Robin Hood the King grew ſaid?
for it was told to me,
That he was ſlain in the Pallace gate,
ſo far in the North Country.
Is this Robin Hood, quoth the Biſhop then
as I ſée well to be,
Had I known that had bén that bold Outlaw
I would not a bet one penny.
He took me late on Saturday at night,
and bound me faſt to a trée,
And made me ſing a Maſſe God wot,
to him and his Yeomen thrée.
What and if I did, ſays Robin Hood,
of that Maſſe I was full fain;
For recompence to thée he ſays
here's half thy Gold again.
Now nay, now nay, ſays little John,
down a down a down.
Maſter that may not be,
down a down a down.
We muſt give gifts to the Kings Officers
that Gold will ſerve thée and me.
down a down a down.

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